# The Stray

An old dog, bone in mouth,
scrounges up some sun:

an embarrassment of riches summarizes
this swamp of carnage,
Captains and their Kings long since departed.

These scattered bones were knitted up with names,
ordinary names. Now they're called noble, patriot, sacrifice.

And the living are ragged with the possibility
of forgetting till they're blue in the head and gone
in the teeth, and everywhere else.